LADIES AFTERNOON VISITOR.

VOLUME I. SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1807. NUMBER 7.

NOVELTY.

ALBERT AND EMMA,

AN INTERESTING HISTORY.

(Continued.)

The confusion and surprise of Emma, at the humble posture of the baron, could only be heightened by his address. She had instantly retreated a few paces from the door which she had vainly attempted to open, and supported herself with difficulty against a bookcase. 'Be not alarmed, charming Emma,' said the baron, in a voice of assumed softness, 'you see before you a man, who, till he beheld your incomparable beauty, never completely lost his liberty.—Regard me no longer as the master of your father, but as the slave and lover of his daughter, and who only waits her commands to shew by his obedience the truth and generosity of his sentiments.' During this speech, Emma's gentle frame was agitated by a variety of inexpressible emotions. Amazement, fear, and indignation prevented her interrupting the baron; but when, on his rising and advancing to her at the close of his speech, he attempted to take her hand, 'My lord,' said she, shrinking from his touch, you must permit me to assure you, that I have no with but to return to my father; in his cottage all my ideas of happiness are centered. Condescend to open this door, or to admit my departure through that colonnade; my intrusion here was entirely owing to madame de Chalons, who proposed to shew me the castle.' 'How much indebted am I then to her,' replied the baron, 'for this interview, which gives me an opportunity to unfold the sentiments of a heart devoted to you alone. No longer shall such beauty, formed to shine in palaces, be concealed in a cottage. Accept my affections, and command my fortune.

Indignant blushes dyed the cheeks of Emma, at a proposal, which she could not misconceive, and all the pride of wounded delicacy rushing into her bosom, suspended for a moment its natural timidity, and animated her to pronounce these words: 'That fortune, my lord, from which you assume the privilege thus to insult the daughter of a peasant, can neither dazzle my vanity, nor tempt my ambition; my humble birth inspires in me no pride, but that of virtue, and the possession of no dignity, but that of conscious innocence. Allow me to retire, my lord; my father doubtless wonders at my absence.' 'Your father, forward beauty, waits my pleasure in the castle,' returned the baron, with a look of anger, 'your compliance or rejection of my generous offers will decide his future fate. Recollect, Emma, the extent of my power; dread my resentment, or deserve my gratitude; they each shall be unbounded. If you reward my passion, your father will reside in this castle, freed from the toils of servitude, the witness and partaker of those benefits which my love shall heap upon you; receive this casket of jewels, as a trifling earnest of a liberality, which shall know no limits.' While the baron displayed the sparkling treasure to the eyes of the unambitious Emma, she pushed them from her with disdain. 'Once more my lord,' said she, 'let me assure you, that I have a heart impenetrable to vanity, or to any grandeur, to which the power of wealth could raise me;' 'But,' cried the baron, interrupting her, softening the natural ferocity of his features and gazing tenderly on her, 'is your heart impenetrable to love, and cannot it be moved to yield a generous return to sentiments so sincere? Let me owe to mutual affection that, which you deny to ambition: and accept the honours which shall be offered you, as tributes due from my gratitude, rather than as bribes to allure your compliance.' 'Never, never,' replied Emma; 'my heart will ever continue as untouched by love, as by your proffered gifts; it is proof against every sentiment, that would injure my honour and debase my virtue!—'I understand you, presumptuous girl,' returned the baron, 'you would raise your daring hopes to share by legal ties my name and rank.'—'No,' exclaimed Emma, 'could you stoop so low as to demand my hand in an honourable alliance, my heart would reject the offer, and my tongue disclaim an union, which no intreaties could induce, no authority compel me to accept! After this honest confession, my lord, you will suffer me to quit your presence.' The enraged baron was now raised to a pitch of resentment which banished at the moment every passion but that of anger.—Mortified pride stung him to the quick; and viewing her with a look of contempt, 'Tis well,' said he, 'your audacity has dispelled the charm of beauty; unworthy of a prepossession, which covers me with disgrace, you may return to that obscurity and indigence, which befit the meanness of your birth, & the groveling sentiments of your soul.' Uttering these words he took a key from his pocket, and throwing it on the ground left her at liberty; she instantly seized the opportunity to unfasten the door, and to escape; hastening through the hall, instead of turning toward the offices by which she had entered it, she took advantage of the great door, that stood open, and descending a flight of steps with a celerity urged by her fears of detention, she flew across the court, darted through the iron gates, and gained the end of the front avenue in a few moments. She then stopped, for want of breath, and sunk, almost spent, under the shade of a lofty elm; recollecting, however, that she was not beyond the reach of pursuit, should the enraged baron change his mind, and attempt to recall her, she arose, and casting an apprehensive look toward the castle, she perceived her father advancing toward her with slow steps; assured by his presence, she hesitated not to wait his approach; and he had no sooner reached the spot, where she stood trembling to receive him, than they clasped each other in a silent embrace; but Emma urged by the dread of a moment's delay, entreated her father to suspend all interrogations till they should have regained their cottage, which they had no sooner reached, than they each gave vent to the agitations, which mutually oppressed them.

The story of Benard's illness had been a fabrication, invented merely for the purpose of entrapping his daughter in the snare laid for her. As he passed the castle, in the morning, he had been met by monsieur Du Val, the steward, and requested to wait there to receive the commands of his lord, who had some designs to communicate to him, greatly to his advantage. The good old man, who never yet had formed a wish, beyond the sufficiency which his humble station had always allowed him, heard this circumstance with cold indifference; but out of respect to the baron, waited his pleasure. He was introduced into a pavilion in the garden, and requested not to quit it till the baron, who proposed to join him there, should dismiss him.

He remained above two hours, in vain expectation, the steward at length entered, and informed him that he had liberty to depart, as the baron's sentiments were changed in regard to him, from the ungrateful rejection, which Emma had presumed to offer to proposals that did her but too much honour, and would have raised her and her family to a situation which must have rendered them the objects of envy to the surrounding peasantry. Bernard, strongly agitated, replied to this harangue, 'then may I truly glory in my child, whose steady virtue teaches her to resist the treacherous arts of seduction, and to spurn at an elevation, which would sink her far beneath her lowly birth and humble education. Let me hasten from a spot once the residence of worth and honour, but now become the scene of infamy and shame.' 'Have a care, old man,' replied Du Val, how you tempt the vengeance of your master, by such daring language.' 'I fear no danger,' interrupted Bernard, 'but the loss of honour, and own no real master but that Power Omnipotent, who guarded the innocent, forsakes only the guilty!' Having thus said, he reached the lodge; the porter opened a private gate which admitted him through the avenue, where he joined, as we before related, his beloved daughter.

The enraged baron, in the first emotions of his resentment, had been induced to banish from his presence, the woman, who had presumed to despise his offers, and reject his love. A momentary hatred took possession of his mind, but it soon gave place to softer sentiments;—her beauty, the simple elegance of her form, her unstudied graces, and even the innocence which he meditated to destroy, returned to his imagination, and disappointed passion once more raged with greater violence than ever. In the first transports of his anger, he had commanded Du Val to dismiss Bernard with contempt, as an object beneath his future notice; he now summoned again into his presence this trusty messenger, this confidential friend of all his vices. The wily minion soon pacified the perturbed spirit of his lord, with that subtle flattery, which he well knew how to administer; he artfully and respectfully ventured to blame the baron, for setting at liberty the prey which he had once secured in his net, and advised him to avail himself of the power, that his rank gave him over his dependents, and to take by force the object of his wished from the cottage of her father; such a method he doubted not would ensure his victory over her stubborn virtue, which probably might be affected only to enhance her consequence; or which would certainly yield, when fears for the safety of her father

ſhould be rouſed, on her ſeparation from him. This point ſettled, Du Val obtained the thanks of the baron for his friendly counſels, and the promiſe of a large gratuity to recompence his ſervices, when by his aſſiſtance Emma ſhould be incloſed once more within the caſtle walls.

When Bernard had received from his daughter a minute detail of her late viſit, although he rejoiced at her preſent eſcape, he foreſaw her future danger, and trembled at the fatal conſequence which might yet enſue. He knew Morenzi to be devoid of every principle of honour and humanity; he dreaded the influence of his power, and felt his own defenceleſs ſituation, which he feared would not enable him to protect his devoted child from arbitrary force, and lawleſs violence. After revolving in his mind every poſſible circumſtance, he had worked up his apprehenſions to ſuch a height, as to decide ſuddenly that an immediate flight could afford the only means of ſecurity from an enemy ſo formidable. The caſtle of Brinon was the ſole aſylum which he could fix on as eligible; there a ſiſter of his late wife had lived for many years ſuperintendant of the family; and here he hoped he might be permitted to conceal his daughter without danger of diſcovery; it was diſtant from Bernard's village about twenty miles, and he hoped that they ſhould be able to reach it in a couple of days. He propoſed the ſcheme to Emma, who readily undertook a journey, which would remove her beyond the power of the dreaded Morenzi.—They had no time to loſe, and, therefore, without further deliberation, began the preparations neceſſary for an expedition ſo important to their ſecurity.—Bernard prudently determined to repoſe no confidence in any of his neighbours; although he knew himſelf to be beloved by them ſufficiently to ſecure their ſecrecy, yet he was unwilling to expoſe them to the baron's reſentment, by entruſting them with the ſecret of his journey. Bernard took with him his little ſtore, the honeſt earnings of induſtrious years; Emma made up a ſmall parcel of linen; and neither of them being inclined to repoſe, they ſat down to a ſimple meal, of which for the ſake of each other, although devoid of apetite, they mutually forced themſelves to partake, that they might the better be enabled to encounter the fatigues which they had to undergo.

The village clock ſtruck eleven, the hour when they had agreed to begin their journey. Emma took a mournful ſurvey of the beloved cottage, where ſhe had paſſed her life of innocence; ſhe caſt her eyes upon her ſpinning wheel and ſighed; then turning to a wicker armed chair which was the conſtant ſeat of her father ſhe ſunk into it, and burſt into tears.—'Alas,' ſaid ſhe, 'I had hoped for happy years to come, to watch here the calm repoſe of him, who gave me being; to tend with duteous affection his declining age, who reared my infancy with anxious love; I, who would wiſh to be his deareſt companion, am doomed to bring ſorrow on his ſilver head!' 'Rather,' replied Bernard, extending his hand to lead her from a ſpot where fond remembrance ſeemed to arreſt her lingering ſteps, ſay that my Emma was born to bleſs her father by her exemplary virtues.—I triumph in my child, who nobly prefers honourable indigence to ſplendid infamy! Let us haſten from impending perſecution;—let us quit a place, where every moment endangers your liberty and innocence,' Emma ſtarted up, caſt a fearful look around, and encircling her arm in that of Bernard, they quitted the cottage, paſſed through the ſleeping hamlet, and reached the road, which led to their deſtined aſylum. The moon ſhone in penſive majeſty,—all was ſtill,—the gentle breeze of night waſted refreſhing odours, and ſolemn ſilence reigned,—ſave the ſoft notes of warbling nightingales, chanting their tuneful ſong, among the fragrant hedges, or perchance the diſtant bleating of ſome wakeful lamb. Emma's delicate frame felt ſometimes rather exhauſted, and obliged her to reſt for a few moments; but her fears did not permit her to indulge long in a repoſe, which endangered her ſafety. Bernard comforted her by the aſſurance, that they approached a village, where there was a public inn; in which they might venture to take ſome refreſhment, and where he hoped to procure a chaiſe, to convey them about twelve miles further, which would place them at an eaſy diſtance from the caſtle of Brinon, and conſequently diminiſh the danger of purſuit.

(To be Continued.)

ORIGINAL ESSAY.

For the Ladies Afternoon Visitor.

THE VISITOR.....No. IV.

MANY of our determinations and actions may undoubtedly be traced to fear of appearing ſingular. Certain that we ſhall obtain applauſe, if our conduct conform to the eſtabliſhed principles of faſhion, and doubtful whether we get any thing more than diſgrace and contempt, ſhould it deviate, we generally incline to follow the multitude, let their object be good or evil. This fear of ſingularity, or rather this deſire of popularity, has a conſtant and powerful influence on the mind, and when the laws of cuſtom do not claſh with the dictates of reaſon, is conſiſtent both with integrity and independence. In a ſociety, which enjoys the lights of learning and religion, it tends to diffuſe correct ſentiments and to preſerve good morals: for to be popular in ſuch a ſociety is to be wiſe and virtuous, and deſire of ſuch popularity will frequently make the miſer generous, and the villain juſt, while it ſeldom, very ſeldom cauſes the good man to ſin.

In modern times however a very copious ſource of abſurdity and inconſiſtency both in opinion and action ariſes from a deſpicable *affectation of ſingularity*. Many who think it *ſervile* to be rational, labor very hard to make themſelves conſpicuous by their oddities, are the ſlaves of an affectation, which may be ſtyled rather a folly than a vice, as its general tendency is to make its votaries ridiculous. It would be well for ſociety were this the only effect of that deſire to appear ſingular, which is obſervable in almoſt every rank and condition. In common life it merely leads us to adopt ſome peculiar mode of action, to affect certain excentricities, to be ſingular in the faſhion of our dreſs, in the cut of our clothes &c.—But its power though generally harmleſs is ſometimes deſtructive, and when it actuates the man of ability and genius, originates the moſt alarming evils, which can agitate ſociety, generates a ſpirit of innovation, which is frequently inconſiſtent both with ſound philoſophy and true religion. By diſſenting from the opinions of others, by ſtriking out a new path, by endeavouring to convince us that the world has been involved in the darkneſs of ſuperſtition, deceived by the bigotry of monks and the ſchemes of deſigning men, many ſtrive to acquire the admiration of mankind and raiſe themſelves to the pinacle of glory. And indeed like the glaring comet they are frequently viewed with aſtoniſhment, while the more ſerene, but leſs ſplendid luminaries of the heavens move unobſerved. Not content with framing ſyſtems deſtructive of government and religion, they earneſtly endeavour to propagate their principles and gain proſelytes to their doctrines. Too fatally has the world felt the effects of ſuch labours. Their example has reduced the weak and their ſophiſtry ſhaken the wiſeſt, and both united, have produced that band of infidels, who have exerted every effort, which inganuity could ſuggeſt, to undermine the ſolid foundation of the chriſtian religion. Their ſteteſtable ſchemes are veiled under the alluring appearance of a ſearch after truth, their pernicious principles are diſcriminated with a view to ſhow mankind a ſhorter path to happineſs than they have uſually taken. Thus has infidelity been propagated, government and religion deſtroyed. L**.

THEATRICAL COMMUNICATION.

Monday. *The Secret*--Afterpiece, *Robin Hood.*

We were not a little ſurpriſed that the intrinſic attractions of the *Secret*, aided by Mrs. Stanley's *Roſa*, Mr. Bernard's *Old Lizard*, and Mr. Caulfield's *Jack*, ſhould not have drawn a more numerous audience on Monday evening. Certain it is, that the ſtrength of the houſe was exerted; and that the performers deſerved a better recompenſe. To ſay that Mrs. Stanley in *Epilogue ſpeaking*, equals the late Mrs. Jones, is paying her a compliment of no mean conſideration, but one which we are ready to pronounce her due.—The teſtimony of the houſe corroborated our aſſertion with a hearty welcome, at her appearance, and, thin as it was, ſtill more hearty plaudits and encores at her exit.

Mr. Bernard, ſave ſome ſlight illegitimate touches of farce, never drew a more faithful likeneſs, than that of *Old Lizard*.

Mr Caulfield appeared in a new rank of buſineſs. The frock, however, ſat as eaſily as the buſkin; and although Mr. Caulfield has not a *LIGHT comedy* figure, he never permitted his *character*, as is too often the caſe, to deſcend to *characature*.

Dowille is an uphill part, but the actor ran through it without getting out of breath. To ſay the leaſt, Mr. Uſher intereſted us; and gave us ſuch a *Dowille* as we always wiſh to ſee.

Mr. Fox was a *lively* Sir Harry, if he was not a *correct* one. It is a bluſtering part, and he bluſtered through it.

Mr. Poe improves. His fault lies in a want of dig

nity and articulation. He hurries his ſpeech, at the expenſe of diſtinctneſs.

The afterpiece, *Robin Hood*, was to our ſlight judgment, as well performed as the mutilated remnant of a good play could be. Mr. Caulfield evidenced much taſte in the ſongs of *Robin Hood*. We have not heard *the Stag thro' the Foreſt*, better ſung than by this gentleman, and Mr. Fox.

Wedneſday. *Voice of Nature* and *A New Pantomime*.

The rivalſhip of Mrs. Powell, and Mrs. Stanley, has been very improperly made a ſubject of public diſcuſſion. In our humble conception, thoſe ladies have very diſtinct claims. We are decidedly the friends of Mrs. Powell; we can never be the opponents of Mrs. Stanley. In ſuch parts as Lilla, we owe a decided preference to Mrs. P.---On Wedneſday evening it was given with her accuſtomed excellence. The laſt ſcene was highly wrought; the whole was intereſting and pathetic.

We are not prepared to ſpeak of the pantomime The expectations which the proſpectus excited, were not realiſed in the performance. A firſt repreſentation of a new play cannot afford a fair criterion for criticiſm.

We were unexpectedly gratified by Mr. Vining's favorite ſong of the "Willow Tree," between the ſecond and third acts. This gentleman's claim to public applauſe has ever been great, and was never better ſupported than on this evening. He amply deſerved the hearty and univerſal applauſe which he received at the concluſion of the ſong.

Selections from Sterne.

I have ſo great an averſion to meaneſs, that I could ſooner make friend of one who had committed murder, than of a perſon who could be capable, in any inſtance, of the former vice.---

Under meaneſs, I comprehend diſhoneſty---under diſhoneſty, ingratitude---under ingratitude, irreligion ---and under this latter, every ſpecies of vice and immorality in human nature.

I have an higher opinion of the ſenſe and virtue of women---and ever had---than men, or even women themſelves, generally have.

I would rather go barefoot than do a diſhoneſt thing. Better to have one's feet dirty than their hands.

It ſhocks me to think how much miſchief almoſt every man may do, who will but reſolve to do all he can.

A ſober man, when drunk, has the ſame kind of ſtupidity about him, that a drunken man has when he is ſober.

The chaſte mind like a poliſhed plane, may admit foul thoughts, without receiving their tincture.

Shakeſpeare may be ſtiled the oracle of nature.--- He ſpeaks ſcence without learning, and writes the language of the preſent times.

What perſons are by ſtarts, they are by nature.--- You ſee them, at ſuch times, off their guard. Habit may reſtrain vice, and virtue may be obſcured by paſſion---but intervals beſt diſcover the man.

Reynold's Comedy of "THE WILL."—Among thoſe of its ſcenes, which are dignified by judgment, or enlivened by retort, the paſſage has been much admired, wherein "VERITAS," being reprimanded for intoxication, which converted him to honeſty, replies:---

"*There is ſome apology for drunken honeſty, but none for ſober villainy.*"

"ALBINA" had diſguiſed herſelf as a young ſailor to aſcertain the conſtancy of *Howard*:---

"Sir *Solomon* to *Albina*---What will your huſband ſay to your ſtrutting about in boy's clothes?

Howard---"Say! That I wiſh all women would wear the breeches before marriage, inſtead of afterwards."

ORIGINAL OF DRINKING HEALTHS.

In England, was pertinent and ſenſible Rowena, a beautiful daughter of Hengiſtus, general of the Saxons; who having the iſle of Thanet, given him by king Vortigern, for aſſiſting him againſt the Picts and Scots, obtained as much ground as he could encom-

with an ox's hide to build a caſtle; which, being completed, he invited Vortigern to ſupper after the entertainment, Hengiſt called for his daughter Rowena, who entered with great dignity and magnificence, carrying a golden bowl full of wine, in her hand, out of which ſhe drank, and in the Saxon language ſaid,—"Be of health, lord King." To this Vortigern replied, "Drink health," This is the firſt health which we hear of in hiſtory; and boaſts an antiquity of "thirteen hundred years."

BON MOT.

A lady and gentleman, a few evenings ago, were converſing upon the ſcience of *grammar*---"Pray, madam," ſaid the gentleman, "what part of ſpeech is a *kiſs*?"---"Aye, what is it?" replied the lady.---"A *ſubſtantive*, I believe, madam."---"Is it a noun proper, or common?" interrogated the lady.---"*Proper*, madam."—"No," rejoined ſhe, I think it's both *proper* and *common*." The reader may gueſs what followed.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

BOSTON:——JANUARY 17——1807.

ERRATA.

In the hurry of preparing our laſt paper for the preſs, ſome important errors eſcaped our notice.

In the theatrical, read, *It is eaſy to SAY to what a train of injuries*, inſtead of "*It is eaſy to decide*," &c. For its "*native line*," read its *native hue*. For "*levity is the ſoul of wit*," read *brevity*. For "*eniendex*," read *entendez*. For "*that ſhe manager*," read *the* &c.

BOSTON THEATRE.

On MONDAY EVENING,

Will be preſented, for the firſt time this ſeaſon, the favorite Play, in 5 acts, called the

Caſtle Spectre.

Oſmond, By a Gentleman of *Boſton*, his firſt appearance on any ſtage.

To which will be added, for the 2d time here, a Grand Pantomimical Drama, in two acts, called,

La Perouſe;—or

The Deſolate Iſland.

A number of gentlemen dining at J*****'s, one of them, after the cloth was removed, being called upon for a toaſt, he ſubſtituted the following

IMPROMPTU.

Let your ſtiff neck'd codgers and parſons be preaching,
That we ſhould 'void Bacchus' liquor divine;
But we'll tell 'em that Paul, when hoarſe with his preaching,
He *waſh'd out his throat* with a bottle of wine.

Then fill up your glaſs with nectarean liquor,
Come, drink we a health, to each warm hearted fellow;
'Twill fill you with joy, make your blood circle quicker,
What's the uſe of the fruit, boys, unleſs it be mellow.

The following "*neat article*," in which there's great *brevity*, and much *point*, appeared in a late *Centinel Extra.*:—It poſſeſſes too much ORIGINALITY to be permitted to *reſt* in ſo *periſhable* a manner.

EPITAPH.

I, John Geyer, am ready to ſwear,
That, tho' I LIE *here*, I'm yet UP *there!*

The *miſtakes* of Iriſhmen have ſo long given *food to folly*, that we are not aſtoniſhed at the following deſcription of an IRISH BEAUTY.

Her *breath* ſmells as *ſweet* as a fox's den,
And her *teeth* run out thus (⁵⁵⁵/₅₅₅) from her mouth;
From her *noſe* ſprouted forth a large purple wen,
And her *eyes* look to north and to ſouth.

FIRE!

Yeſterday, was a melancholy day for the Citizens of Boſton and its neighbourhood. Between 1 and 2 o'clock, A. M. a fire was diſcovered burſting from the roof of the New-Muſeum, lately erected by Meſſrs. BOWEN & DOYLE; the awful and devouring element had got to ſuch a height before diſcovered, as to baffle the ſkill of man to allay its fury, until the entire combuſtible part of that ſtately edifice was completely conſumed.

Could we minutely ſtate that Meſſrs. Bowen and Doyle had loſt the whole acquirements of years' induſtry and intenſe application, without recording *more fatal conſequences*, our feelings might find alleviation in anticipating that munificence which a feeling and generous public will not fail to beſtow in alleviation of unfortunate, yet deſerving merit: but all the powers of ſympathy are awakened at the more dreadful cataſtrophe which was to fill the climax of ſorrow at this eventful period. About 3 o'clock, the ſouth wall gave way, and with an awful craſhing, inſtantly conſigned to eternity, SIX IMMORTAL SOULS! (Democrat.)

The following are the names of the deceaſed.

Henry Fullerton, ſon of *Robert F.* aged 20.—*Thomas Peabody*, 16, apprentice to Mr. John Leman. *Joshua Uran*, aged 16, apprentice to Mr. Aves. *James D. Beales*, 13, ſon of Chriſtopher B. *William Homer*, 11, ſon of Capt. H. *John Conden*, ſon of Mr. C.

POETRY.

(Selected.)

VERSES

Addreſſed to a Friend on his Marriage.

SINCE now my good friend, you're ſettled for life,
And for better and worſe you have taken a wife,
For richer, for poorer, in ſickneſs, and health,
To love and to cheriſh, and aid with your wealth,
I hope you won't wonder, or take it amiſs,
That you have not received ſome verſes e'er this.
But, indeed, till of late not a muſe would incline
To aſſiſt my poor brain in perfecting a line.

It is not, believe me, th' effect of mere diction,
But proceeds, my dear friend, from a thorough conviction,
That I think you'll no more th' world's follies attend,
But find in your wife your companion and friend,
Nay, you who, I know, are of feeling poſſeſt,
Will find the beſt monitor in your own breaſt,
Which will teach you no more after pleaſure to roam,
Since the pureſt and ſweeteſt will greet you at home

And now I ſhall venture, tho' not over-nice,
To give you and Ellen a little advice;
So with you, whoſe opinion I've not got to win,
I ſhall boldly take on me at once to begin.
And firſt, I muſt ſay, now you've more than yourſelf
To ſupport, you muſt look to each ſhilling of pelf;
Take your father's advice---'twas not that of a ninny,
"George, e'er you *once* ſpend it, look *twice* at a guinea!"

Thro'out your whole houſehold let order preſide;
For order with prudence is ever allied;
'Tis a ſyſtem that all who come under your roof
Will commend, or of friendſhip they give you no proof.
Still welcome your friends with a ſmile and good cheer;
But never let rev'ling or diſcord appear;
It is but diſguſting in bachelor's lives;
But is paſt all enduring 'mongſt huſbands and wives.

Next beware tow'rds your wife not to ſeem too auſtere,
But in trifles ſtill kind and obliging appear;
And you'll find in the weightier concerns of your life,
More obedient, more gentle, more loving, your wife.
For hatred and diſcord too often take root,
And are fix'd in the mind from ſome trifling diſpute;
Whilſt pleaſing attentions bring pleaſure and eaſe;
For when pleaſ'd with ourſelves, every trifle will pleaſe.

Now tell Ellen, I hope, as ſhe's changed her name,
And muſt now be addreſſ'd as a married dame;
That I hope, as the *Miſs* now aſide ſhe has laid,
She will pleaſe in the *wife* as ſhe pleaſ'd in the *maid*;
And tell her—and give it particular ſtreſs—
As ſhe ever has been, to be neat in her dreſs;
That you ſtill will permit her to be *degagee*,
But you cannot forgive her if *negligee*.

If affection be true, ſhe will never diſcover
More faults in her huſband than ſeem'd in the lover;
Let her only to ſtudying his temper attend,
And the huſband will fly to the wife as a friend;
If ſhe ſtrive, when he's ruffled, to ſoothe him to peace,
She ſhall find his eſteem, his affection, increaſe;
And this my requeſt I muſt hope ſhe'll remember
When her huſband is *May*, that ſhe wont be *December*.

And you, too, my friend, let ſenſe govern your life,
And what pleaſ'd in the miſtreſs, will charm in the wife;
So when time ſhall the warmth of deſire aſſuage,
Your loves ſhall be mellow'd to friendſhip in age;
So ſhall every comfort, that happineſs, health,
And pleaſure can give to the enjoyment of wealth,
Be yours---while contentment, devoid of all ſtrife,
Its bleſſings ſhall ſhed on your autumn of life.

I, too, with an Ellen, would enter that ſtate,
From which you, my friend, may your happineſs date;
For the time may ſoon come, when my race will be run;
And when that arrives, what can *I* ſay I've done?
Have I been a huſband, a father, in life?
The guardian and friend of a much-belov'd wife?
The inſtructor of infants, have I form'd the mind,
And taught them the duties they owe to mankind?

Yet when I am cold in the comfortleſs tomb,
And the ſpirit I boaſt of is waiting its doom,
If haply ſome friend ſhall e'er paſs where I lie,
Surveying my tomb, he may ſay with a ſigh---
"Alas, my good fellow, that ſpirit is ſtill,
Which performed no *good*, but intended no *ill*,"
No eulogy labour'd---no claſſical taſk---
But this ſimple comment is all that I aſk.

MINOS.

From the Lady's Miſcellany.

To the memory of the Indian Queen Pocahonta, born at Peterſburg in Virginia, from whom is deſcended the reſpectable families of Randolph and Bowlin.

"While memory holds her ſeat," fair Indian! thou,
Muſt ſtand recorded by the admiring world!
To thy fair fame with love and zeal we bow,
And mourn the ſhaft at Pocahonta hurl'd.

Friend of Virginia! young and lovely queen!
When thy ſoft preſence grac'd Brittania's ſhore,
No joys, alas! from thy torn breaſt could wean
Thoſe ſorrows we forever muſt deplore.

There where thy gentle ſpirit fought to ſhare
Each bleſſing deſtin'd to a faithful wife;
Ill-fated princeſs! ſad reverſe, for there
It was thy doom to end thy virtuous life.

By thy fair name ſhall Peterſburg renown'd,
(Tho' ſmall its limits) high in memory ſtand;
Virginia's pride, by Pocahonta crown'd,
By her protected free and happy land.

And long ſhall her poſterity remain
Bleſs'd in each worldly good ſo juſtly given,
May Randolph's offſpring every bliſs attain,
And Bowlin's each peculiar gift of heaven.

Poſitiveneſs is a moſt abſurd foible. If you are in the right, it leſſens your triumph; if in the wrong, it adds ſhame to your defeat.

TO THE MERCHANTS OF BOSTON.

ON ſuitable encouragement, EBENEZER FRENCH propoſes to iſſue a Paper excluſively devoted to the Mercantile Intereſt, to be called the

MERCHANT'S DIARY.

That a paper of this nature will or will not be an object of utility, experience can only determine. Conducted with any degree of propriety, it promiſes many advantages. To extend the intereſts of Commerce, and to increaſe the benefits of Trade, it may be made an uſeful auxiliary. The inconveniences which ariſe from advertiſing in foreign papers, will eſpecially be remedied. Merchants may thus circulate at a moderate expenſe, and with very little trouble, all the information which they wiſh to convey. Thus too, may the neceſſity of iſſuing Prices Current from individual houſes, be provided againſt, by a recourſe to the Merchant's Diary.

---o---

CONDITIONS.

It ſhall be neatly printed on four quarto pages, and iſſued THREE times a week.

One Thousand Papers of each number, or more, as occaſion may require, ſhall be thus diſtributed: Seven hundred among the Merchants, Traders, &c. in Boſton, and three hundred in the different Inſurance Offices and Coffee Houſes, in the United States.

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No advertiſement to exceed one ſquare, if it does the extra quantity to be paid for.

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An Auguſtine Monk, while ſermonizing, arrived at the paſſage in the New Teſtament, where the Evangeliſt deſcribes the ſervants of the High Prieſt warming themſelves by the fire-ſide; addreſſed his audience very ſolemnly, obſerving—"My brethren, ye are to notice that the Evangeliſt is not content to mention this circumſtance merely as an hiſtorian would, by the words "*calefaciebant ſe*," they warmed themſelves; but adds, in the ſpirit of a philoſopher, the reaſon of their conduct, "*quia frigus erat*," becauſe it was cold."

During ſome late diſturbances, an Iriſh Mayor, concluded his diſpatch to the Engliſhh Government, in theſe words:—"Such is the dangerous ſtate of affairs, that at the very moment I am writing, for my own perſonal ſafety, I carry a piſtol in *each hand* and a ſword in the *other*!"

Literary Notice.---A man who has enriched himſelf to the amount of £500,000, in England, by aſking and receiving alms, has lately advertiſed his intention of ſhortly publiſhing "a new work, entitled the "Art of Begging:"---to which is to be added a treatiſe on *crying* and *laughing*---for the *benefit of youth*!"

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